

How to Be Happy.

Are you almost disgusted
With life little man?
I will tell you a wonderful trick
That will bring you contentment.
If anything can,
Do something for somebody quick,
Do something for somebody quick

Are you awfully tired
With play, little girl?
Weary, discouraged and sick?
I'll tell you the loveliest
Game in the world
Do something for somebody quick
Do something for somebody quick

Though it rains like the rain
Of the flood little man
And the clouds are forbidding and thick,
You can make the sun shine
In your soul little man
Do something for somebody quick,
Do something for somebody quick.

Though the skies are like brass
Overhead little girl
And the walk like a well heated brick
And your earthly affairs
In a terrible whirl,
Do something for somebody quick.
Do something for somebody quick

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK
Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JUNE 17, 1899.

SCHOOLS OPENING IN THE SPRING.

With the June numbers of both Onward and Pleasant Hours two splendid serial stories will be begun which will run through the summer months. In Pleasant Hours the story is, "A Boy of To-day." It is a tale of stirring adventure, describing life in farm and village, the queer adventures of the young hero with a travelling show, his temptations, and how he overcame them, his staunch and sturdy temperance principles, and how, not without mistakes and mishaps, he came at last to a noble Christian manhood. The story has lots of fun in it, too.

In Onward the story is one of Methodist life in a Scotch fishing village. It is written by a daughter of the parsonage, one who knows Methodism well, and can describe it to the very life. It will be read, we are sure, with intense interest by both old and young.

Be sure to subscribe in time for these June numbers in which these stories begin.

Onward 30 cents for six months, singly; 25 cents to schools.
Pleasant Hours, 15 cents for six months singly; to schools, 12½ cents. No cheaper or better reading for schools.

GEORGE MULLER'S PRAYER TEST.

The great English scientist who proposed a scientific prayer test excited religious controversy throughout the world. Even when this challenge to religious faith was offered, there was a sincere, earnest man who might have answered it if he had had time for argument and discussion. He was too busy praying and working to engage in such strife.

This was George Muller, a Prussian by birth, who was converted while he was a student of twenty at the University of Halle. Not long afterward he went to England, began preaching the doctrine of belief in prayer, and after marrying a dentist's daughter, settled in Bristol, where he recently died at the age of ninety-two. During his long life he raised over seven million dollars for religious and charitable purposes without ever asking anybody on earth for a sixpence.

Early in his ministry he received a small salary as a lay preacher. He decided, as a matter of conscience, to give up this fixed income, and to depend wholly upon prayer and voluntary gifts. The boxes in his chapel for free-will offerings furnished his support. He did not know from whom the money came, but there was always enough and to spare.

In 1835 he opened an orphanage where poor children could be fed, clothed, and educated. He began with thirty girls in a hired house, without a dollar pledged for their support.

He ended with a record of having educated one hundred and twenty thousand children, and of having established five great orphanages at a cost of five hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars for buildings, and an annual expense of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for maintenance.

This work was carried on entirely by voluntary gifts. His prayers were answered. The money which he needed year by year invariably came, and though sometimes it seemed as if the next day would find the institutions penniless, yet sufficient gifts always arrived in the nick of time to provide for their needs.

He founded a Scriptural Knowledge Institution, based upon prayer. The money came as rapidly as he could use it. He printed and circulated two hundred and seventy-five thousand Bibles, and more than one hundred and seven million books, pamphlets, and tracts in all languages.

He took a hearty interest in foreign missions, prayed for them without ceasing, and raised over one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for sending out missionaries into all lands.

When he was seventy he went around the world as a missionary himself, preaching and working in twenty-two countries. He worked and prayed almost to the end with a faith as simple as a child's, and without the shadow of doubt that his prayers would be answered.

He carried this childlike trust into every hour of his life. There is a story of him that, when he was past ninety, he walked across the fields, near Bristol, one Sunday afternoon, to preach in a little chapel in the country. A shower came on, and Muller, fearing a chill, prayed that the rain might pass. The clouds lifted, the shower passed, and he went on unharmed. Some would call this only a coincidence, yet an old man, who had a balance sheet of over seven million dollars to show as a result of prayer, found it easy to believe that this was still another answer.

George Muller was not a religious fanatic. He was a clear-headed, common sense worker, who possessed great executive ability, and who had absolute faith in prayer. His earnestness and sincerity deeply impressed every one who knew him. His career has been one of the marvels of the time, and offers one of the most practical proofs of the prayer test. Youth's Companion.

A BRAVE LITTLE WORKMAN.

The Sunday-school at Namur has lately gained a new scholar, a little boy who works in a glass manufactory, says the Belgian Messenger. He is only twelve years old, and his looks are not prepossessing. He is small, puny, often black with smoke, and miserably clad, but looks intelligent, and his eyes beam when one talks to him of Jesus, and of the beautiful Gospel stories.

On Sunday his teacher saw, to her amazement, that he was fast asleep. She woke him up and said sternly to him:

"You oughtn't to go to sleep here."
"Oh, madame, forgive me, but I am so tired."

"Did you not sleep well last night, then?"

"Oh, no," he answered, smiling. "I was working for twelve hours last night at the factory, and only came out of it at seven this morning."

"What! do you mean to say that your mother allowed you to come here instead of going to bed?"

"No, no, I told her I would go to bed later," said he, "that I must come first and say my verse."

Is he not a plucky little man?

Missionary Heroes.
(Continued from first page.)

noble cheerfulness "the spoiling of their goods."

"IN THE HANDS OF GOD."

After seven months, Mr. Hunt, Mr. Lyte, and their two wives removed to the island of Samosamo, where only one white man had ever gone, and he a short time before had been barbarously murdered. Their reception was disheartening, and the scenes which they were compelled to witness were appalling in the extreme.

"Within a week news came that the king's youngest son was lost at sea. Forthwith an order was issued that sixteen women, some of them of high rank, should be strangled, and despite of Hunt's entreaties they were put to death, and then burned in front of the mission-house, amidst the blast of conches and the yells of incarnate demons. Some months later, eleven men were dragged with ropes to ovens and roasted for a banquet, and when the missionary's wife closed the window-blinds against the sight of the horrid festival, the infuriated natives threatened to burn down the house unless they were reopened."

In 1840, Commodore Wilkes, of the United States Navy, visited the island, and so deplorable was the condition of the missionaries that he offered to convey them away, but they refused to go, although even the chiefs commanded them to depart.

"During this time the cannibal feasts were more frequent, and barbarous ceremonies were constantly taking place in the town. The ovens were so near the mission-house that the smell from them was sickening; and the young king furiously threatened to kill the missionaries and their wives, if they shut up their house to exclude the horrible stench. Among all perils and annoyances, Mr. Hunt steadily and earnestly went about his work, always to use his favourite expression turning his care into prayer."

Soon the devoted missionary, Mr. Cross, succumbed to sickness, and died at his post a witness for the truth. A native house was built over his grave, and beneath the same roof in this land of strangers were interred the remains of two or three little children, who were removed to a better country, while their bereaved and afflicted parents were striving to plant the standard of the cross in this dark benighted land.

After three years of apparently unrequited toil at Samosamo, Mr. Hunt removed to Viwa, where the last six years of his life were spent. Though broken in health, he devoted himself with increased zeal to toil and study, teaching, preaching, translating. To him belongs the honour of giving the New Testament to the Fijians in their native tongue, and it was soon printed on an imported press. He kept up also his personal studies, reading Greek, Hebrew, Blackstone's Commentaries, and English literature, and writing a work on Sanctification, which he illustrated in his own religious experience.

"WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT?"

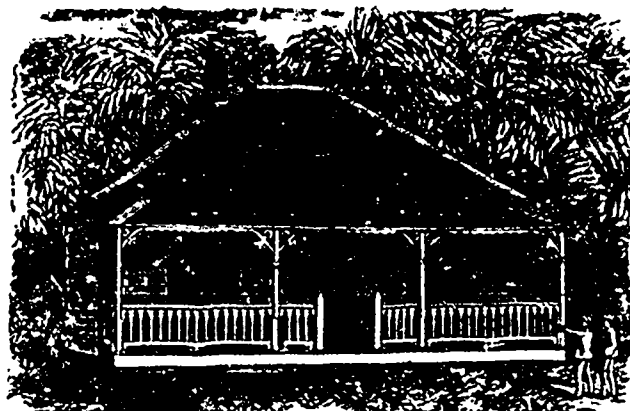
Such devotion, however, could not fail of its glorious reward. A great religious awakening took place. Among the converts was the Queen of Viwa. "Her heart," says Mr. Hunt, "seemed literally to be broken; and, though a very strong woman, she fainted twice under the weight of a wounded spirit. She revived only to renew her strong cries and tears, so that it was all we could do to proceed with the service. The effect soon became more general. Several of the women and some of the men literally roared for the disquietude of their hearts. As many as could chanted the 'To Deum.' It was very affecting to see upwards of a hundred Fijians, many of whom were, a few years ago, some of the worst cannibals in the

group, and even in the world, chanting. 'We praise thee, O God; we acknowledge thee to be the Lord;' while their voices were almost drowned by the cries of broken-hearted penitents."

Soon a bitter storm of persecution burst on the Christians of Viwa. The neighbouring heathen made relentless war upon them. "Oh, if you missionaries would go away!" they said. "It is your presence that prevents us killing them. If you would go away, before long all these Viwa people would be in the ovens!" "It is very easy," said the Christians, "for us to come to Mbau and be cooked, but it is very difficult to renounce Christianity."

CONSUMING ZEAL.

Mr. Hunt's continuous toil at length told seriously upon his health. The man of iron strength, who had come up to London from the fields of Lincolnshire



WESLEYAN MISSION HOUSE, FIJI.

only twelve years before, was evidently dying. Of him, too, might it be truly said, 'The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up.' The converts from heathenism, with sad faces, flocked to the chapel and prayed earnestly for the missionary. "O Lord!" Elijah Verani cried aloud, "We know we are very bad; but spare thy servant. If one must die, take me! Take ten of us! But spare thy servant to preach Christ to the people!"

As he neared his end, he confidently committed his wife and babes to God, but was sorely distressed for Fiji. Sobbing as though in acute distress, he cried out, "Lord, bless Fiji! Save Fiji! Thou knowest my soul has loved Fiji, my heart has travelled in pain for Fiji!" Then, grasping his friend Calvert by the hand, he exclaimed again: "Oh, let me pray once more for Fiji! Lord, for Christ's sake bless Fiji! save Fiji! Save thy servants, save thy servants, save thy people, save the heathen, in Fiji!"

Turning to his mourning wife, he said, "If this be dying praise the Lord!" Presently, as his eyes looked up with a bright joy that defied death, he exclaimed, "I want strength to praise him abundantly!" and with the note of triumph, "Hallelujah!" on his lips, he joined the worship of the skies. The next day his coffin was borne by native students to the grave. It had on it no emblazonry, and no record but this:

REV. JOHN HUNT,

Slept in Jesus, October 4th, 1848.

Aged 36 years.



GRAVE OF THE REV. W. CROSS.

When Birdie Wakes.

When daylight comes, like soft roll of drums,
I hear my birdie waken.
From downy wing, the dear little thing,
His tiny head has taken.
And then along comes a gust of song,
Sweet, sweeter his sweet notes strive;
Our heart-strings thrill, his every trill
Is song itself.